Week ending August 10 1946

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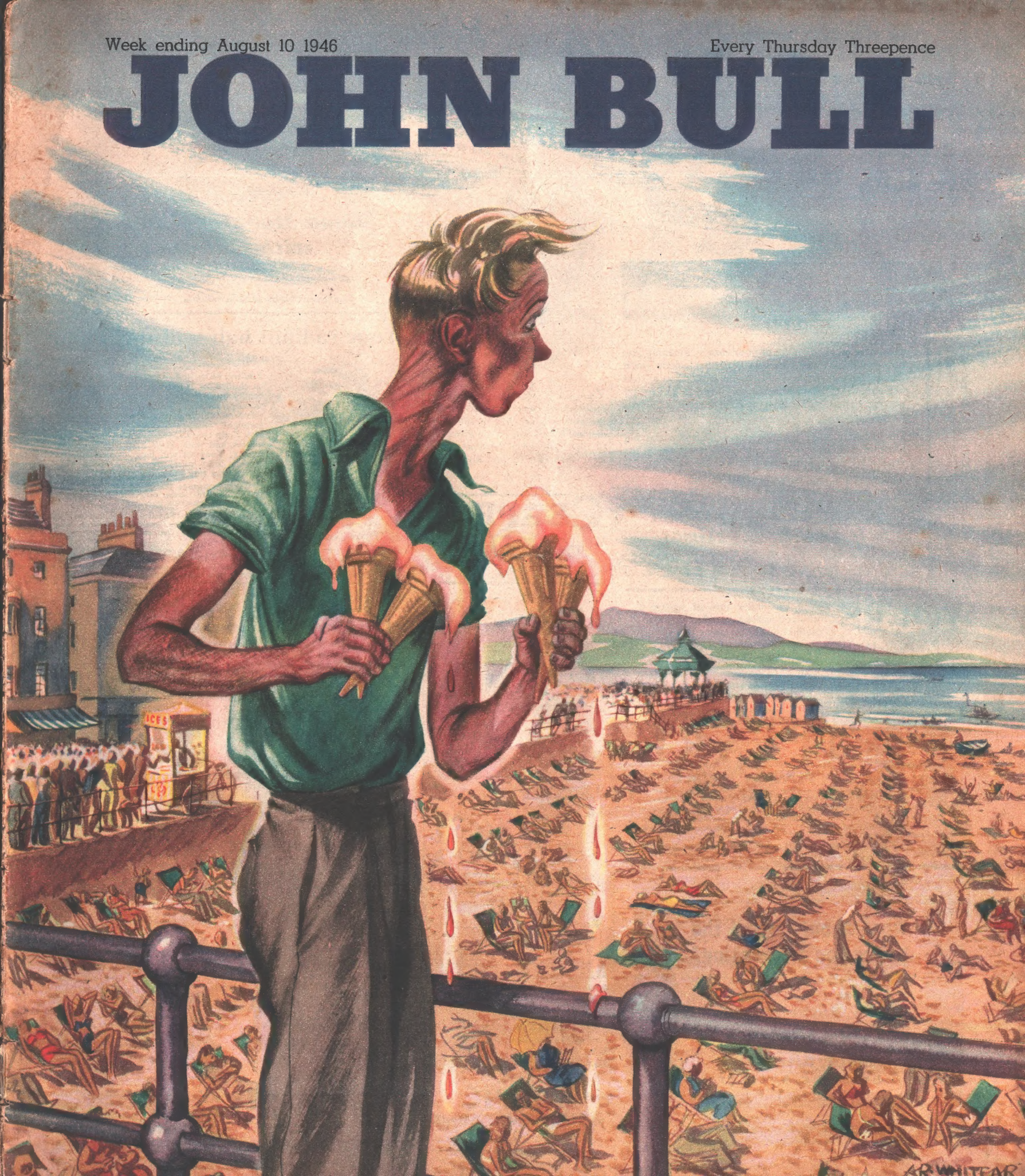
JOHN BULL



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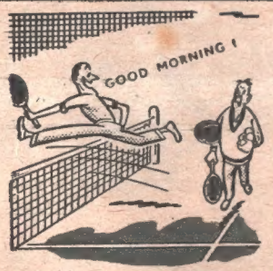

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Your radiant hair will thrill him

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1. Gently massage the scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to loosen dirt and allow natural scalp oils to lubricate hair.

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Demand is so great we regret you may still have some difficulty in buying. But we are doing everything possible to increase supplies.

—Vaseline— HAIR TONIC

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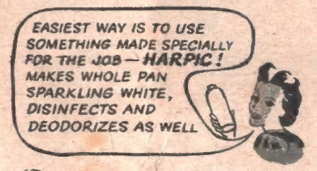
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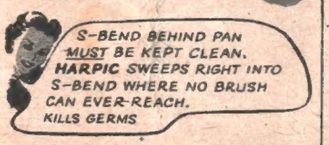

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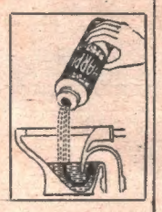

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS **GOODYEAR** TYRE

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HARD WORDS

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IT'S ABSORBENT BY NATURE!

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Still at pre-war Strength

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MEANS *REAL* ORANGE JUICE

You'll see it again soon!

Here's more nourishment for

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Help yourself and your family to Good Health by introducing Banner's Barleyflour in your everyday dishes, such as White Sauces, Gravies, Stews, Blancmanges, Moulds, Sweet Sauces, etc.

Banner's Barley Boy the healthiest of them all

Barleyflour at its best 1'- Per Pkt

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46/5

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When you snap against the light

More exposure makes it right

ILFORD SELO FILMS

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You'll like it better!

Don't let a headache *spoil your day—take*

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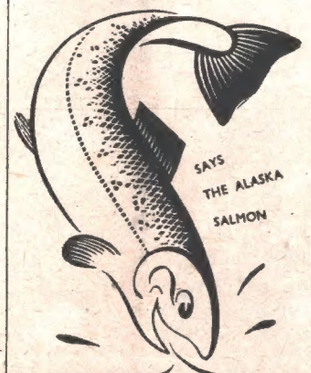

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BUTTER • LAMB • BEEF • PORK • CHEESE • HONEY • APPLES

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It's the real thing! Full of the delicious flavour of sweet new peas, slowly simmered, and subtly seasoned. Fine nourishing food in its tastiest form. Try also Maconochie's Tomato, Oxtail, Scotch Broth and the many other varieties. They're grand!

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..but I've got a tin of **NESCAFÉ!**

It's only human to show off when you've secured a tin of Nescafé. For we are still unable to keep pace with growing demand. But isn't it worth looking for! You can make, straight in the cup, in a jiffy, stimulating, full-flavoured coffee. No grounds; no bother; no coffee-pot to wash. Just sheer enjoyment from a really *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

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Does he get enough to eat?

When to begin an Infant Cereal

FROM about five months onwards baby needs extra nourishment. This is the time to introduce an infant cereal and other foods. These new foods must be introduced gradually, otherwise baby will refuse the extra nourishment he needs to aid progress.

If your child is between five and nine months write to A. & R. Scott, makers of M.O.F., the fortified infant cereal, for a diet sheet which offers suggestions on mixed feeding.

To **M.O.F.** *A. & R. Scott Ltd., 68 King's Rd., London, S.W.3*

Please send me your mixed feeding diet sheet for infants.

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J/B

JOHN BULL August 10 1946 Volume 79 Number 2095 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

HOLDING BACK THE CRASH

by THE EDITOR

HOPE SHINES FROM AMERICA to brighten what would otherwise have been a very anxious August.

Experts in the United States have candidly forecast a colossal slump, assuming that the system of controls which had so far kept America economically steady was to be swept completely away in response to the clamour of the powerful interests which wanted to get back to jungle law in business and industry.

Well, these evil counsellors have had a rebuff, and all America has had a valuable lesson in modern economics.

Immediately price controls were taken off, prices went mad. So some of the controls had to be hurriedly reimposed. What is more, President Truman is still not satisfied, and has openly stated that, if the new measures turn out not to be effective enough, he will recall Congress to pass something stronger to save America from "economic disaster."

What does this mean? It means that the American Government, backed by the bulk of public opinion, now recognizes that the old cut-throat scramble for huge profits at the expense of jobs, wages, rents and the very foundations of prosperity cannot be tolerated any longer. And that it must be replaced by at least a degree of planned economy.

There could be no finer tonic for the British Government, which sees in the American lesson not only a better prospect of avoiding a world slump, but something very like an endorsement of many of its own principles and methods.

NOW IT'S UP TO THE DOCTORS

DOCTORS ARE NOT ALLOWED to advertise. They have the strongest possible set of rules against professional misconduct. They also have a code of unselfish service which has given the British medical profession the highest reputation in the world.

But——

Yes, today there is a "but." The public, which owes so much to the labour and learning of thousands of obscure G.P.s, is puzzled to read that the British Medical Association still won't work peaceably with Aneurin Bevan over the National Health Service.

Charles Hill, B.M.A. secretary, and Guy Dain, B.M.A. council chairman, have put through their proposal for a referendum of all the 50,000 doctors to decide whether there shall be any negotiations with the Health Minister about the regulations governing practices.

These B.M.A. diehards should come off the soap box and get back to the stethoscope. They have written themselves the wrong prescription this time.

Individual doctors may (and do) disagree with the policy of nationalized medical services. They are entitled to their views.

But the National Health Service is no longer just an idea. It has been passed by Parliament and approved by a majority of the British people. The doctors' duty now is to accept it, and make it work.

In the long run, we believe, they will do just that. The fine traditions of British medicine demand no less.

PENSIONS REFORM

MANY INJUSTICES and anomalies in war pensions have been removed in recent years. JOHN BULL is proud to have played a leading part in the long fight to get full justice for the disabled man.

Now comes another overdue reform. Acting promptly on some recent High Court judgments, the Pensions Minister, Wilfred Paling, has decided to give another hearing to disputed pensions cases rejected by the existing tribunals before August 1.

In the past, far too many pensions claims have failed because the claimant was unable to prove that his illness was due to, or aggravated by, war service.

A man developed some crippling disease or illness while in uniform. In due course, he was discharged and claimed a pension. But the whole medical and administrative machinery was against him.

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, it was automatically assumed that his complaint was either congenital or arising from something contracted in civilian life.

Mr. Justice Denning has changed all that. He has shifted the onus of proof from the claimant to the Ministry of Pensions—and the Ministry has responded by offering to reopen disputed cases, and by setting up new appeal machinery.

We welcome this wise and fair-minded decision.

GETTING TO GRIPS WITH HIM

MORE PETROL—MORE SPEED?

THANKS TO THE AMERICAN loan and Mr. Shinwell, more cars will cover a greater mileage on the roads of Britain this August than in any month since 1939.

This is a matter for congratulation rather than regret. Motorists have waited a long time for the first real increase in the basic petrol ration—and they have waited, on the whole, with remarkable patience and good humour. They deserve the extra motoring miles which the new concessions offer them. But we note with regret that some motoring enthusiasts apparently see in the extra petrol allowance an opportunity for increasing average speeds.

In days of scarcity, modest average speeds of twenty-five to thirty miles per hour were popular, because economical. Already, some motorists are apparently looking forward with relish to the grand old days of forty and fifty miles per hour.

We beg them to remember, as they tread on the gas this August, that there is still a road safety problem and that until it is solved, in course of time, by better highways and better traffic regulation, speed on the road is a pleasure that should be indulged with extreme care—if at all.

WHAT THE

Picture chart shows forms of government among Arab peoples around south and east coasts of Mediterranean. Left: Azzam Bey, secretary-general to Arab League, which has united seven independent states

Here is the Arab point of view on the West's attempt to break

THE ARAB LEAGUE HAS MOVED into the spotlight. For months reports from Palestine concentrated on the conflict between Briton and Jew. The Arabs remained quiet.

Now they claim action against Jewish terrorism. The Arab League has demanded that Britain shall be relieved of her mandatory responsibilities and that the Palestinian question be reviewed by UNO.

A round table conference has been planned in which representatives of the States of the Arab League will take part as well as the Jewish and Arab communities of Palestine.

The Arab League is a new and vital force in world politics. Yet few people know much about it.

The Arab has had very little publicity. What little he has had has been mainly bad.

Hollywood has presented him, in films such as *The Sheik*, as a swaggering Italian on a musical-comedy charger. The great explorer-writers—Burton, Doughty, Lawrence, Bertram Thomas—have concentrated on the nomadic tribes of the Arabian peninsula. The popular impression, derived from films and books, is likely to be either an idealized Valentino or a straggly-bearded Bedouin on a camel.

Yet the outstanding feature of the Arabs is that they comprise so many different races, held together by a common lingual, cultural and religious bond.

The first Arab I got to know at all well was a barber in Algeria. He wore trousers that clung as tight as puttees to his ankles and lower leg and then were joined together in voluminous folds that made him look as if he were wearing his braces a yard too long. On his head was a round, knitted *chechia* (your wife would call it a Juliet cap).

He had blond hair, blue eyes, a fair moustache, and looked exactly like my father. He was immensely proud of his small son, but kept his wife in strict seclusion.

The next was a doctor in Tunisia. He wore a lounge suit, no hat on his greying, curly hair, had dark skin and almost black eyes. He was born a Moslem, but used to accompany his wife to the Catholic church on Sundays.

The third who comes to mind is Husein, who peddled cheap bead necklaces, bone ornaments faked to look like ivory, and "genuine" scarabs.

He wore a *galabieh*, which looks like a nightshirt, had a little tuft of beard and two or three teeth missing, owned a "shop" which turned out to be a hole in a wall filled with the most atrocious junk, and had an immense sense of humour.

And the most recent Arab I have met was a spokesman at the Arab Office in London. He was very quiet, olive-skinned, wore a blue lounge suit, and spoke English with a command and precision that I know I shall never achieve.

All were Arabs, from the blond Berber to the dark doctor, from Husein with the grubby *galabieh* to the polished diplomat at the Arab Office. They were Arabs because Arabic is their native tongue; because they prefer the Arab philosophy and way of life; because they are inheritors of the great Arab culture and traditions.

Yes—Arab culture and traditions. To understand the forces which have produced the Arab League you must go back over a thousand years.

A Flourishing Empire

When, inspired by the teachings of Mohammed, the first Arabs came out of the desert peninsula in the seventh century and swept northward into Syria and westward across North Africa and into Spain and France, their religious zeal drove them to many acts of vandalism. Asked what should be done with the great library at Alexandria, one of their leaders answered: "If the books confirm what is in the Koran, they are unnecessary. If they deny it, they are false. Burn them all."

But the Arabs intermarried with the people they

ARAB REALLY WANTS

by HUBERT COLE

the Palestine deadlock

conquered, giving them their language and religion, and receiving from them the best of Byzantine civilization, the legacy of Greece and Rome.

From this, the Arabs constructed a culture of their own, making great strides in architecture, mathematics, astronomy and medicine. They taught the rest of the world the use of Arabic numerals to replace the Roman ones (have you ever tried to multiply XLIII by XIV without converting it into 43 times 14?).

For three centuries, the great Empire that stretched from the Pyrenees to Baghdad, from Damascus to the tip of the Arabian Peninsula, continued to flourish. Then came disunity, internal quarrels, invasion. The Mongols, and later the Ottoman Turks, kept the Arab world in subjection.

It was not until the nineteenth century that the first signs of revival appeared.

Continual nationalist uprisings in Egypt led to British intervention and occupation in support of Turkey. When Turkey joined Germany in 1914, Britain declared the end of Turkish suzerainty over Egypt and substituted a British protectorate. In return for Arab assistance in turning out the Turks from the other lands of the Middle East, Husein Ibn Ali, Sherif of Mecca, Descendant of the Prophet and Custodian of the Holy Places, asked for the creation of an independent Arab kingdom covering all the Arab lands east of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

This claim was agreed to, with reservations, in the Husein-McMahon letters of 1915-16. The Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916 made concessions to the French in Syria which were incompatible with the spirit of the promise already given to the Arabs. In 1917 came the Balfour Declaration, promising a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

This is again old history—history of thirty years ago. But it is the starting-point of today's troubles. From those seeds have sprung the kidnappings and killings in Palestine, the riots and assassinations in Egypt, the distrust and even hatred with which the British are regarded in parts of the Arab world.

At the end of the 1914-18 war, the Arabs found that, instead of gaining the unified independent kingdom that they had been promised, they had been divided into six separate units, five of them under foreign mandate. They felt that they had been tricked, and that Britain was deliberately obstructing their attempt at unity and freedom.

Arab Support Needed

In Egypt, agitations by the nationalist party, the Wafd, forced a declaration of independence in 1922, though Britain still retained troops in Egypt to protect the Suez Canal.

The former office of Turkish governor, changed to a sultanate in 1914, now became a kingship.

The royal family of Egypt is Albanian in origin. King Farouk is the first member of his family to speak Arabic as his native tongue. His father, educated in Italy, spoke it only with difficulty.

But Farouk has become a leading figure in the Arab revival. Egyptian newspapers carry weekly pictures and accounts of his attendance at various mosques for his Friday devotions. He has played a leading part in the formation of the Arab League.

In 1941, when we were again in need of Arab support in the Middle East, Mr. Eden announced that the British Government was in sympathy with any move towards the formation of an Arab union. Britain had already recognized the independence of Iraq, Syria and Lebanon. Recently we have added Transjordan to the list.

We also increased our standing with the Arabs, and did much to regain their confidence, by our opposition to the continued French occupation of Syria and Lebanon in the crises of 1943 and 1945.

The Covenant of the League of the Arab States was drawn up and signed at Cairo on March 22, 1945, by Egypt, Transjordan, Lebanon, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria and Yemen.

The Arab League aims at creating something very like the British Commonwealth of Nations. It provides for co-operation between the Arab states on economic, cultural and social matters; for mediation in disputes, and assistance in the event of one member being attacked by another state whether inside the League or outside; it is concerned very deeply with problems of public health and such thorny social questions as the position of women in the Moslem world.

In a special appendix it provides for a Palestinian Arab representative on the ground that Palestine is a *de jure* independent nation, though still under British mandate.

The Palestinian problem is the greatest that confronts the Arab League at the moment. But no less great will be the future question of Libya, the Sudan, Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia. In a second appendix to the covenant, provision is made for co-operation with, and assistance to, non-member Arab countries still struggling for independence.

The League claims complete independence for the former Italian colonies in North Africa. It is hardly imaginable that these colonies should be handed back to the enlightened Italians who preached the virtues of Western civilization by taking fettered Senusi sheiks up in aeroplanes and tossing them overboard to spatter their lives out on their villages below. Neither will the League agree to any other power taking over these colonies. They ask for an autonomous state in Libya and Cyrenaica.

The Sudan, at present an Anglo-Egyptian condominium, is, they claim, intensely Arab in sentiment in the north. They ask that Northern Sudan be either incorporated in Egypt or created a separate independent state.

Though the Arab League has made no specific announcements with regard to Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia, there is no doubt that the Arabs of French North Africa are looking eastward for help in throwing off French rule.

I remember a responsible Tunisian complaining to me that British soldiers had roughly handled some of his fellow Arabs. I said: "You can't expect us to love the Arabs—we know many of them are spying for the Germans."

He replied: "That is true. But it is not against you that we are fighting. If you were on the other side of the lines, we would gladly help you. We will help anybody who tries to turn out the French."

That is an extreme expression of Arab feeling—but it is significant. We shall never understand the Arabs or the Arab League until we appreciate that a great revival of nationalist feeling is sweeping the Arab world, aiming at total independence and unity, and insisting that the Arab states be accepted on an equal footing with other nations.

This movement is centred in Egypt for many reasons: because Egypt contains twenty millions of the forty million inhabitants of the Arab states; because Egypt is the richest country and has the most advanced industries; because Egypt is geographically central. But Egypt has no greater vote than any other member-state.

The attitude of the Arab League to Britain appears to be this: Britain has, for strategic and commercial reasons, exercised more influence in the Arab countries during the past hundred years than any other nation. The Arabs see no reason to be grateful for this, though they recognize that they, as well as ourselves, have derived benefit from it.

What Can Russia Offer?

They wish to make use of all that is good in Western civilization. They would like to continue to work in agreement with us. They realize that they face enormous internal problems of poverty and inequality which our advice and experience can help them to solve.

They respect our integrity in administration, though our world political moves between the two wars greatly disillusioned them. They feel that we, who have always stood for freedom and self-government, should understand and sympathize with their aspirations more than any other nation.

If we oppose or obstruct these aspirations, they see two courses open to them—and like neither.

They can fall back on a narrow, fanatical nationalism, hating the Western world and shutting themselves off from it. They realize themselves that this sort of Japanese Fascism would be fatal to all hopes of social reform or cultural revival. They fear the results if forced into it.

Alternatively, they could turn to Russia, the traditional threat to our Middle East communications. But they have little in common with Russian thought or Russian politics. Sidky Pasha has blamed the Communists for the repeated bomb outrages in Egypt. Russia has nothing to offer that the Arab world really wants.

What does the Arab world want—the Arabs and the Arab League? Simply three things: independence, equality and understanding.

BRITAIN'S BLAST-FURNACE

MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO Emanuel Shinwell stumped the country making rousing speeches; he wrote sensational articles and he planned a plan. He was urging the nationalization of the coal-mining industry.

For it seemed to Shinwell that the natural wealth under a country should be the wealth of the people and not that of a few who owned the land above it.

Emanuel Shinwell, as Minister of Fuel and Power, is making that dream a reality.

His contribution to the better world of the future, represents many years of strife and labour. This should be remembered when assessing him as a man, a politician or what have you, because Shinwell has been called many things, from the Devil Incarnate to Saint Manny.

Not that he hasn't deserved some of the less laudatory epithets, for no man in the course of his public life could have piled up so much invective, lashed at his opponents so brutally and undermined their out-of-date procedures so effectively with the corrosive action of words; with not a qualm, or the glimmer of sentiment, jesting sometimes with macabre effect — as when he said: "I'm never averse to shedding blood—of the right kind."

Yet, for a tough fighter he is good-natured and generous, and those that know what it is to start with nothing realize that your weapons are more useful than your virtues.

Shinwell is the son of a Jewish tailor of Polish descent. He was brought up in the Gorbals district of Glasgow and left school at eleven. He ran away from home to join the Navy but was sent back to his parents because he could not produce their written consent.

HE was put to work by his father and moved with him, from one place to another, in search of better business.

A few years later he was working in a Scottish Co-operative clothing factory, and before he was twenty-six he was workers' representative on the trade board. He became involved in dock strikes and later in the internal disputes of seamen's trade unions. As a Glasgow town councillor he first came into prominence and, in 1922, was elected M.P. for Linlithgow.

Shinwell built his reputation on speeches. He was accomplished at the craft before he entered Parliament and his maiden speech attracted a great deal of attention for its maturity of parliamentary style.

During periods he spent out of Parliament, Shinwell travelled as an official speaker for the Labour Party. In one stretch of four years he addressed over 1,000 meetings. They were bitter speeches, packed with venom.

AT Seaham in 1935 he defeated the then Prime Minister in what has been described as the most savage election of modern times. He slashed at Ramsay MacDonald with words that had the mercilessness of a cat-o'-nine-tails. The old man was never the same again.

Age has brought to Shinwell a certain mellowness. The bite has gone from his speeches, but there is still plenty of tang and fire. He speaks rapidly with a faint trace of the soft, West of Scotland accent. He is best without notes.

Reared in a hard school, and possessing a temper, Shinwell, as his record shows, is not always in control of it. Eight years ago he walked across the floor of the House of Commons and slapped the face of Commander Bower, a former heavyweight champion of the Navy. Bower had jeered: "Go back to Poland!"

In 1919 he was sentenced to five months' imprisonment for "inciting to riotous conduct."

"It was a bit lonely in prison," he said later, "but I was cheered up by baiting the warders. The joke was, anyway, that I had been one of the moderates in the strike, counselling caution. Believe it or not!"

He lives, simply, with his wife in Tooting, in a house with a tiny garden. They married when he was nineteen. "And," he said, "we weren't just hungry, we starved." That was in the early part of the century. There have been four children and seven grandchildren since.

Shinwell likes porridge and kippers. He smokes a lot—a pipe which is always at hand, filled and ready. He enjoys himself wholeheartedly at parties. He expands. He is responsive to atmosphere and enjoys an occasional glass of whisky.

In the House of Commons, however, he never touches it—one of the good resolutions a group of West of Scotland members made in 1922; and Shinwell has stuck to it.

HIS room in the Ministry overlooks leafy Smith Square and the blasted church of St. John. It is a typical ministerial room with furniture upholstered in tawny calf leather, a fawn carpet, damask curtains, a conference table, a radio, a case of blue bound *Parliamentary Debates*, maps of coal-fields and oil-fields, and a sketch of Joe Craddock, the man who moved twenty-eight tons of coal in one shift.

On the desk, as a paperweight, is a nice, new, miner's safety lamp.

Sitting at that desk Shinwell works quickly, reads a page, digests it and writes instructions in the margin with his fountain pen. Sometimes he underlines sententious phrasing or scores it out altogether. Time is never wasted, the "in" tray is cleared and the Minister is ready for his next appointment or to meet a visitor.

Shinwell's refusal to join the Coalition Government during the war was severely criticized, and there remains a certain resentment because of his apparent conceit and alleged lack of team spirit.

Whatever faults he is judged by, however, his hard work and sincerity must be taken into account and, above all, the motivation which is a deep and profound love of the British peoples.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

SALT

SALT IS A PARADOX. It is made of poison, yet we cannot live without it. Once used as money, and prized beyond gold, salt today is one of the cheapest products of the earth—but modern science has made it more valuable than ever before.

★ ★ ★

Until 1825, when the Government was forced to abolish the crippling tax on salt, a bushel of salt worth 6d. was taxed at 15s. It was reckoned that one side of a pig was needed to pay for salt to cure the other side.

★ ★ ★

William Marbury was boring for coal near Northwich, in 1670, when he accidentally founded Britain's rock-salt industry. Brine gushed forth, and rock-salt instead of coal enriched his estate.

★ ★ ★

The harmless white grains of salt that we eat are composed of a silvery poisonous metal, sodium, and a greenish poisonous gas, chloride.

★ ★ ★

In Northwich and Winsford, Cheshire salt centres, shops and offices are built in frames, because of the continuous subsidence of the ground over the salt mines. Periodically, as the ground subsides, the buildings are lifted with hydraulic jacks.

★ ★ ★

Roman legions were paid in salt, and brought two new words to the English language: "soldier" (from the Latin *sal-dare*—to give salt), and "salary" (from *salarium*, or salt-money). It isn't so long since cakes of salt were used for money in parts of Africa and Asia. Some African natives still barter their wives for salt.

★ ★ ★

The centre of Britain is a huge salt bed, bounded approximately by Anglesey, Middlesbrough, Bristol and the Wash. A single mine—at Winsford—supplies all our rock-salt needs.

★ ★ ★

During the war, three Burmese natives built a church for a British padre. They asked as wages—two pounds of salt each.

★ ★ ★

Salt is the prime raw material of the modern chemical industry. Without it the industry couldn't function. Salt is used for such widely different purposes as food preservation and the production of high-duty steel; fertilizers and smelting non-ferrous metals; refining of oils and fats and clearing snow from airfields; soap manufacture and refrigeration; "salt-licks" for cattle and hide-tanning; dyes and bleaches and fungicides; ethyl petrol and tooth-powder. The list is almost endless.

★ ★ ★

New Zealand is starting a "new" industry—salt production from sea water evaporated by the sun. But China did it before 2,000 B.C. And India and the Mediterranean countries have used this system for thousands of years.

★ ★ ★

Long lines of camels carrying great loads of salt arrive at Timbuktu twice a year, over the historic Sahara highway. Much of Timbuktu's fame comes from her early salt trade.

★ ★ ★

The world's most famous salt mines are at Wieliczka, in Poland. Lofty, glistening-white galleries and tunnels run underground for about sixty-five miles. The mines have been working since the thirteenth century.

★ ★ ★

A road made of salt has been in constant use in America for more than ten years—between the town and airport of Ithaca, New York.

The salt road wears better than asphalt, doesn't get muddy or slippery and costs only a third as much as an asphalt road.

★ ★ ★

Britain produces about ten per cent of the annual world total of 20,000,000 tons. Underground deposits show no signs of giving out, but if they do, there is always the ocean. A cubic mile of sea water yields about 130 million tons of salt. There are 300,000,000 cubic miles of sea!

Volunteer harvesters are entitled to wear this "Battle for Bread" badge

Holiday workers arrive at a harvest camp. Entertainment is "laid on" after a day in the fields

OUR BATTLE-FOR-BREAD CAMPS

Farmers need 100,000 holidaymakers to help in the harvest field. It's a glorious chance to enjoy an active camp holiday—and learn a lot about the food facts of life

by JOHN MAY

EARLY ANY AUGUST MORNING, as soon as it was light, you would have heard the harvest horns going. A blast from one farm would be answered from another. The gangs were out. Soon the leader would be scything into the corn, each man setting in a little way behind.

Hard slogging and hilarity, that was the old-time harvest seventy years ago. They got through prodigious amounts of work—and barrels of beer.

Today roaring tractors and clattering machines replace the crisp swish of the scythes. There's cold tea instead of the beer.

But harvest has a quality that is unalterable.

The heat, the stillness, the blue sky; the acres of golden brown corn whispering and waiting; the tight-waisted sheaves, with ears full of fat, ripe grain . . . this was the same even when the whole of Britain held no more people than London alone does today.

Then it was important personally to every man, woman and child that the wheat harvest should be safely gathered in. The grain the farmer grew was ground at the local mill; it had to provide flour for the whole year until the next harvest. Many a poor family existed on the corn that a woman and her children gleaned, ear by ear, from the fields after harvest was done.

In *every* home it was a case of no harvest, no bread.

A Lesson We Needed

Strangely, partly because of its own folly, mankind in 1946 finds itself forced back to this ancient situation.

Instead of just accepting bread as a matter of course, the reality of shortage is making us vitally interested again in the corn harvest.

Instead of being a form of words, "Give us this day our daily bread" becomes again a prayer with meaning.

Maybe the lesson is one we needed.

But though for many years before the war harvest meant little more to townsfolk than picturesque scenes on Bank Holiday Monday, the farmer always took it seriously.

He did not regret the changes that mechanized the job. Nothing can kill the romance of reaping the reward of a whole year's work. But now, how he would love to see some of the old-time gang back again!

Ploughing, disking, drilling, harrowing, rolling, plus harrowing and rolling again in spring (which are *some* of the processes in producing a crop of wheat), these can be done with comparatively few men driving modern tractors and machinery.

Harvest is a bigger job to handle, with less time to do it, and it is then that the labour shortage on the land hits farming hardest.

That is why schoolboys and soldiers, factory workers and their girl friends, are wanted in the fields now and in the coming months. The war is not yet over on the farms of Britain, and volunteers are valued highly.

Don't all rush at once! For the first week in August the Ministry of Agriculture's holiday camps were packed right out.

Most of them stay open throughout September, and some do not close until November 2. About 100,000 volunteers are wanted, though not all at the same time.

There is a "Battle for Bread" badge for volunteers, and they are paid at least a shilling an hour. Weather permitting, it is forty hours a week—or longer. The rail journey to the camp is at half-fare, bicycles free by rail.

Volunteers are expected to stay at least a week. Dogs and children are not allowed and there are no married quarters. Accommodation and food costs 28s. a week, reduced to 21s. after September 14. Anyone going should take ration book, identity and insurance cards, eating and sleeping gear, and remember that it will be a matter of *camping*.

There are some two hundred camps up and down the country. They have comfortable huts for meals, with extra rations. Dances, concerts, and film shows provide evening entertainment. During the day's work much of the old-time harvest jollity is recaptured (without the help of home-brew) because you're in a happy gang, working on a healthy job out in the open air.

In August it is mainly corn harvest work. Not that there's any lack of other things to do down on the farm: pea picking, fruit picking, flax pulling, picking up potatoes, pulling sugar beet, all come along in turn.

Of course it isn't necessary for all to go to camp. In the villages everyone is welcomed who is ready to lend a hand. Visitors, once they are known, won't find it long before they are recruited to work.

It's a healthy business. It brings up the muscles, gets the fat down, and provides something to boast about after the holiday.

I know—because I have done it.

Something can be learned about the food facts of life, too. Personally, I hate compulsion. But if everyone in this country could be persuaded to spend at least a week every year working on the land, immense good would result.

Looking Ahead

For instance, one fact that might be driven home is the time that must elapse in bread production between ploughing and the domestic plate. It is not too early now to plough land for sowing to wheat next November, to harvest in August, 1947, to thresh and grind into flour in December, say, for consumption as bread in 1948. Yes, a year and a half at least.

Here are a few tips for those considering such a holiday. As an ex-townsman "gone native," I know the snags.

First, clothes. Stout boots, for the ground is hard and stony to walk about on all day. Corn stubble will stab the ankles until the blood comes if shoes are worn without socks. Similarly, good polished footwear will be jagged by the sharp ends of the straw.

Shorts? No. Thistles, flies and sun will mean sore legs unless they are covered up. Gloves? Certainly, if the hands are not already hardened; they will prevent blistering.

This year there are, unfortunately, acres of laid corn, flattened by the heavy thunderstorms. This has to be lifted with a stick so that the tractor-drawn reaper-and-binder can cut and tie it.

When the binder has passed, the sheaves have to be set up in stooks (called traves, shocks, hiles, according to locality) so that any green stuff in them will wither. The corn would heat too much if stacked straight away. The grain ripens as it stands in stook, and there is not the danger of its starting to sprout green shoots as it does if left lying on the ground.

When stooking, shirt sleeves should be rolled *down*. On a hot day the straw is smooth and sharp like splintered glass, and the underside of the forearms, if bare, gets pricked and scratched until—with salty sweat dripping from the elbows—it stings "wunnerful."

Don't Rush It

Stooking seems laughably easy at first. But gradually the sheaves become heavier. It's best not to set too wild a pace. "That'll last longer 'n you wull, maister," the old countrymen say.

There may be rabbits in the last patch of corn in the middle of the field. When the binder cuts this, they'll run out. Nippy work will catch one. The fellow who can catch a rabbit barehanded by running is a better sportsman, in my view, than any who ever carried a gun. And it can be done.

Carting and stacking come next. Pitchforks call for careful use. And anyone on the load should hold tight while the cart or lorry is moving. Many a farmhand (especially in the old beery days) has broken his neck falling off a load of corn.

Necessity knocks. Nothing has higher priority than bread. Everybody uses it, even those who have no vote. There exists, then, this call to town and country, factory and farmworker, to combine in the harvest of 1946, and gather every grain possible from the fields of Britain.

It is our duty to ourselves and to famished thousands throughout the world.

can a broken marriage be

ONE MARRIAGE IN EVERY FIVE in this country is today a failure—yet until a short time ago no organized effort was made to find out why.

In 1938 a group of people who were gravely concerned over what was happening to marriage and our family life met in a small drawing-room in Kensington, London. They were people of high professional standing — doctors, psychologists, clergymen, social workers and educationists.

They had a revolutionary idea but little money.

They believed that a successful marriage was no easy objective. Only by instruction could young people attain it.

The Marriage Guidance Council was formed.

The work had just begun when war came and they decided to give up for the duration.

But in 1942 it became obvious that their work was more necessary than ever. Illegitimacy, venereal disease and divorce were increasing because of infidelity due to separation.

They gathered the remnants of their old committee together again and decided to go ahead. Lord Horder and Dr. Fisher, then Bishop of London and now Archbishop of Canterbury, agreed to be joint presidents. In 1943 the Council took three rooms in Duke Street, London.

Would anybody come? The first shy couple was received in an empty room, without curtains or carpets and with only one white-wood table and two kitchen chairs. Their first case was a success. In three and a half years more than 3,000 appeals have been dealt with and success has been achieved in the majority of cases.

The public were at first suspicious. But the high percentage of "cured" marriages was the answer.

Now nearly a hundred towns and cities in Britain have made some start at Marriage Guidance.

Countries all over the world have made inquiries about these British pioneers and August 8 this year was fixed for the holding of a national conference at Cheltenham, attended by foreign observers.

The basis of the work is to provide education before marriage for young people and to encourage the right attitude to family life. They also help to solve the problems that may arise after marriage and they try to rebuild the lost harmony.

It is, in fact, the very opposite from the charges of free love or indiscriminate sex that have been wildly thrown against the Council, because of its interest in pre-marital problems.

Strict Code of Ethics

Their work is scientific and run on the code of ethics applied in a doctor's consulting room.

Here I deal with a typical case, founded on the true story of a war-time marriage that was breaking and producing great unhappiness to all concerned.

Because of the strict code of secrecy under which the Council operates, the names and certain details have been altered so that the couple could not be recognized by neighbours and friends.

Phyllis T—— was an attractive and rather shy girl of twenty when she first met Arthur M——. She came from a good, middle-class suburban home, had a secure and sheltered background and had not had any serious boy friends before.

They went around together for two years before they married in November, 1941. Arthur was two years older than his wife and was in the R.A.F. They lived with Phyllis's parents for a few months before Arthur was posted abroad.

When Mrs. M—— first came to the Marriage Guidance Council at the beginning of 1945 she was worried and almost a nervous wreck.

At first she was reticent and shy about talking of her private affairs. She was not seeking sympathy and it was difficult to get the full details. After some time she told her story. I give it briefly, as she related it, together with comments made to me by the Marriage Guidance counsellor who dealt with the case, the psychiatrist who assisted him, and two other people intimately connected with the events — her mother and her husband, whose views I was allowed to hear under the same cloak of anonymity.

PHYLLIS M——: When I married Arthur I didn't really know what marriage meant. We were both young, fond of each other and liked to go around together. When we knew he was going abroad we decided to get married.

We were both very uncertain of the future and thought the best thing was to live with my parents until after the war. I didn't like the idea of being left alone.

I suppose you would say it was like hundreds of war-time marriages—very unreal with neither of us thinking much about the real issues involved.

Arthur said he might be killed any day. We were happy enough for the time being and that was all that seemed important to a marriage then.

I missed him terribly when he went abroad. I had nothing to do and nobody to take me out. We wrote constantly and then I decided to join the WAAF.

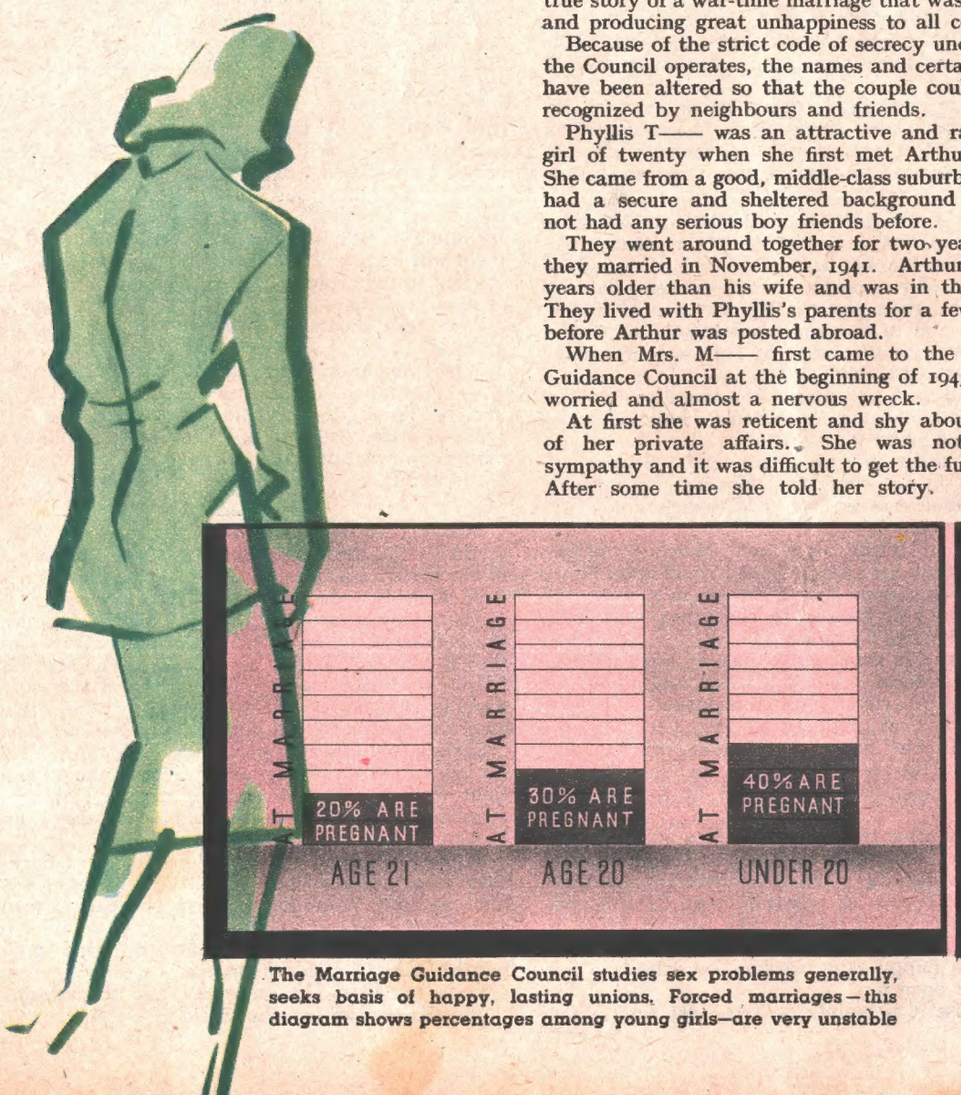
I liked the life very much and for eighteen months I was quite content to have the companionship of the other girls in our unit. Outside the camp I kept pretty much to myself.

Then something changed. I don't know what it was, but I began to feel I wanted to get about and meet people again. I wanted a bit of life and I suppose I wanted affection. Anyway, I started to go around with some of the girls.

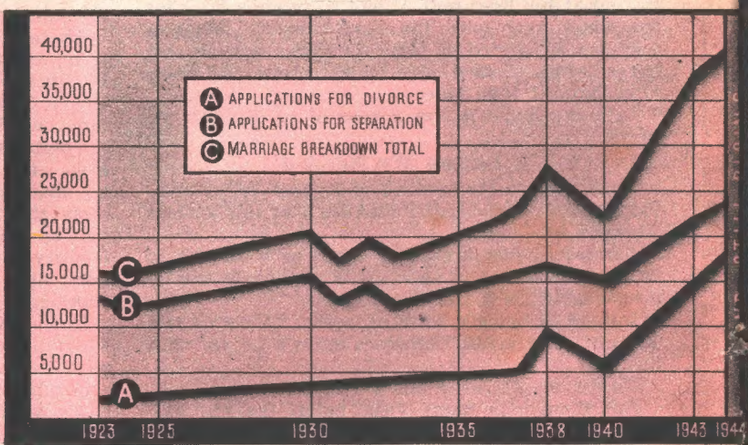
One night at a dance, I met an American airman, Jim. He was the quiet, friendly kind of American, very big-hearted and sympathetic. We saw quite a bit of each other because he was at an airfield near our camp.

Before long we knew we had fallen in love. It worried me a lot because Arthur was still writing very happy letters and I felt I was cheating him. Jim was flying pretty regularly and once again it was one of those day-by-day associations—a matter of snatching a few hours together whenever we could. But we were terribly happy.

The very week he was killed I knew I was going to have a baby. I was pretty desperate and I cried a great deal over losing him. There was



The Marriage Guidance Council studies sex problems generally, seeks basis of happy, lasting unions. Forced marriages—this diagram shows percentages among young girls—are very unstable



Graph shows rising tide of marriage breakdowns. This has worsened since 1944. Some 20 per cent of marriages are now affected. The Guidance Council has "patched" many breaks

cured?

While her husband was overseas, a young wife was unfaithful, found she was going to have a baby. It didn't live. But should she tell? To show how the Marriage Guidance Council solved this question, JOHN BULL went to her husband, her mother and the experts who advised her. The Marriage Council has helped in more than 3,000 similar problems

by HILDE MARCHANT

In the consulting room: Mr. R. Pestell, one of the Council advisers, is well qualified. He has spent eleven years in matrimonial courts. Marriage Guidance Council members assisted the Government Committee on Divorce Reform

no one I could explain it to so I brooded on my own. Then I had a nervous breakdown and was quite ill. They invalided me out of the WAAF and I went home. My parents were very kind and seemed to understand. We talked a lot about my baby but I was sick with worry and I had a miscarriage.

My mother said Arthur must never know; so I went on writing to him as if nothing had happened. But I couldn't forget Jim. I was still in love with him and I felt I must break with Arthur.

It was when things had reached this point that a friend suggested she went to the Marriage Guidance Council and asked for advice. She was losing weight and becoming slightly unbalanced. She first saw one of their counsellors, a person with a wide general knowledge.

MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR: When Phyllis M—— had finished her story, I felt the best thing was for her to see her husband again, but she was in such a nervous state that I felt it was too big a responsibility to take without the advice of a specialist.

I arranged for one of our psychiatrists to see her. He agreed that the great decision was whether she should tell her husband all that had happened while he was away. Her parents were against it, but we felt it was the one chance she had. After we had talked it over, Mrs. M—— said she would make a full "confession" and ask her husband to see us.

He was given compassionate leave and after his wife had told him everything he came to us. He took it rather well and showed considerable understanding. He had been away so long that we had to give him all the background—the routine of her life in the Services, with single girls who went out to dances, and her remoteness from him.

These factors led to great temptations to a girl who had never known married life in its real sense.

We were not excusing her, but trying to present a picture of what had happened when he went away. I think he understood, and they were partly reconciled when he had to go back.

But there was a strange and unnatural atmosphere between them. We had expected that, but one thing that we had discovered was that Arthur M—— was very fond of his wife. We knew it would take patience and time to restore them to each other.

When he was demobilized, he saw us again.

Things were proving difficult for them. They were still living with her parents and he found it hard to forget the past. He also had to face all the troubles of returning to civilian life. It was quite a strain and he did not think his wife was helping him very much.

Very tactfully we suggested he was not giving her much chance to do so, for he was no longer confiding in her.

Whenever they had a difference he would also challenge her with the past.

Sometimes the distracted husband would say he was suffering and being punished for her wrong-doing. Whenever he talked like that we told him there was only one alternative—losing his wife.

He held on, for he was very much in love with her.

Once again we suggested that they should take a chance, find a home of their own and start a family. There was still at the back of both their minds that first unborn baby.

It is a thing, of course, that two people have to fight out in their own way. The girl had a physical fear, so we arranged for one of our women doctors to examine her.

The husband saw he must make a real home if he was to have a real wife.

PHYLLIS'S MOTHER: I don't agree that she should have told Arthur. As it worked out it was all for the best, but another man might have taken it differently. Perhaps I am a bit old-fashioned, but I think a few secrets are permissible in marriage.

The truth can cause pain and it can be used against my daughter if they quarrel. That might still happen and I advised against it.

What happens when a man is away is best forgotten. Parents can forgive more than husbands.

PSYCHIATRIST: I think their only chance was complete frankness. The wife would always have it at the back of her mind and her husband would have been conscious of some unspoken restraint.

The pregnancy was one difficulty, but by giving them both a healthy attitude to birth, we were able to take away some of their fears.

We find in most of these cases that two reasonably intelligent people get on a lot better by being honest with each other. Outsiders who have had plenty of experience of these marriage difficulties can often help even more than parents.

ARTHUR M——: I am glad now that my wife told me everything. It was a great shock and very hard at first. But unless we had cleared this up we would never have had a really lasting marriage.

I could not have stood the shock if I had found out in any other way.

By talking these things over with the people at the Council I could get a lot off my mind. They helped me to understand Phyllis's point of view.

I was determined to hold my wife and build a home if we possibly could. Living with other people is difficult, no matter how pleasant they may be.

As I see it now, I don't think there was any other way.

And now a final word from Phyllis M——. She wrote the Council an excited letter about something she found difficult to explain. This is what she was able to say when she called again.

PHYLLIS M——: Arthur showed great patience with me. He was so kind. It sounds selfish, but it took a long time for me to forget Jim.

I saw the one chance for us was to get away on our own and we spent most of Arthur's demobilization time and money in setting up a home for ourselves. It was hard leaving my mother and father. They had seemed a protection, but we finally settled down and things were easier.

I am having our baby and I think it will bring us closer. In a way I think it is best that the first baby was not born, for it might always have been between us.

I am glad now that I told my husband all about Jim. It was hard to do at the time and I needed constant help to go through with it. But if I had deceived him we would just have been strangers.

★ ★ ★

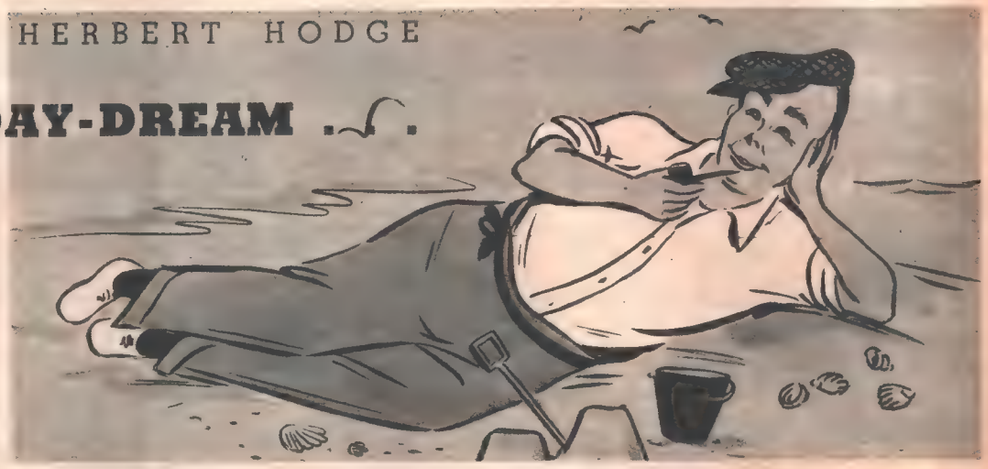
There it is. How one of the oldest marital problems was worked out in one particular way, in one particular case, by a body of thinking men and women who are pioneering in the really practical field of marriage-mending. The Council files are full of such intimate, personal history. It helps to disentangle all the emotional surroundings which friends build round these dramas. In most cases, people are kept out of the divorce courts.

For love has become a science as well as an art.

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

EXCUSE ME, WHILE I DAY-DREAM . . .

Maybe idling isn't so dull-witted as it seems, says JOHN BULL's homely philosopher, Herbert Hodge. There's a lot to be learned from random thoughts while on holiday



"Nothing like holiday-time for thinking odd thoughts"

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HOLIDAY-TIME for thinking odd thoughts.

All you have to do is to find a nice soft stretch of sand (or a nice, soft bed), lie back at your ease, and let your mind wander where it pleases.

Last Monday struck me as an ideal day for odd thoughts.

It happened to come at the beginning of what used to be called the Silly Season. It also happened to be the anniversary of the day when Man first used the atomic bomb—August 5, 1945. A striking coincidence, I thought.

Which reminded me that when I was a boy I once asked my dad why this time of year was called the Silly Season. He said it was because all the Nobs were out of town in August. London was, as they used to say: "empty."

So the papers had nothing to print. And as they had to fill up their columns somehow (for those were the days before paper-rationing) they asked silly questions like: "Is Life Worth Living?"

Their readers then got all worked up about it, and sent in hundreds of letters.

And when I asked, a few minutes later: "Dad! *Is* life worth living?" he laughed, and said to mother didn't that just prove the cleverness of these newspaper chaps!

But I wasn't so easily put off. The question hadn't occurred to me before, but now that it had, it seemed to me an extremely important one. I wanted an answer.

It would be rather awful, I thought, if a chap went to all the trouble of growing up, and then discovered life *wasn't* worth living.

So I asked again.

Dad put down his paper and heaved a long-suffering, parental sigh. Mother, who believed that God ordered everything for the best, looked up from her sewing to say sharply that of course life was worth living, and that no right-thinking boy would dream of asking such a question.

This brought dad in with a rush.

There was no "of course" about it, said dad. No one had ever proved that life was worth living. No one could either prove or disprove it. Therefore there was no answer, and it was a silly question.

Mother, stung, retorted that it was a wrong question, because it showed a doubting spirit toward God, and dad was giving a wicked answer to it, not fit for a child to hear.

Life's a Puzzle

The argument then took the usual course of arguments between mother and dad—being chiefly concerned with the lack of logic in the heads of women, and the lack of faith in the hearts of men.

The original question faded into the background.

For me, however, the question continued to seem important. It wouldn't let me rest. I couldn't think how anyone could go on living without knowing first whether life was worth living. I was sure I couldn't. I felt I had to stop there and find out.

I've been trying to find out ever since.

For a long time I got along quite well on the "if only" plan—by telling myself that, if only I had this, that or the other, life *would* be worth living.

When I was working long hours, I'd think: "if only I could get a little more leisure." When I was out of work—"if only I could get a job." Nearly always—"if only I had more money."

But when I got the things I wanted, they seldom gave me the satisfaction I'd expected. So that, at forty-five, in this Silly Season of 1946, I still find myself looking for the answer.

It still seems to me to be important. Especially in view of the atomic bomb. If we don't soon find the answer, both question and answer may become redundant.

A man can do all kind of things to make his life more comfortable, from building a wigwam to buying a palace—but however comfortably off he may be, he still finds himself wondering at odd moments whether it's all worth while.

In fact, the more comfortable he is, the more he's likely to wonder about it.

If he's uncomfortable, he is usually too busy trying to make himself comfortable to have much time for wondering.

Incidentally, that's why some people dislike having a long holiday. They find themselves spending too much of their time wondering whether it's all worth while. This bores them, and they begin to wish they were back at work.

Personally, being of a contemplative disposition, I find I can stand quite a lot of it. Give me a comfortable bed or hammock, plenty of tobacco, and a kind woman to bring me my meals regularly, and I can lie there, pleasantly wondering, for days at a stretch.

If only the kind woman didn't get tired, I could probably lie there for ever—and perhaps discover the answer.

After all, Archimedes made his most famous discovery while lying in his bath; and Newton discovered the law of gravity while resting under an apple tree.

What's the Answer?

I believe I have discovered at least a small part of the answer.

Most of us agree that what we need to make life worth living is happiness. But happiness seems to be the one thing we can never deliberately make for ourselves.

Happiness seems to come more by accident—often when we're busy about something else. We're suddenly aware that we're feeling happy—but why, is a bit of a mystery.

But if we can't make sure of happiness for ourselves, we can often give a moment of happiness to someone else. That's easy. All kinds of obvious opportunities crop up every day. It's simply a case of taking advantage of them.

And the queer thing is, that you can give a bit of happiness to someone else even when you're not feeling particularly happy yourself. It's rather pleasant, that—being able to give away something you haven't got.

Whether that's the complete answer to the question, I don't know. But I think those moments when you discover that you have given a bit of happiness to someone else — they, at least, are moments when you feel quite certain that your own life's worth living.

Perhaps the seed of the answer lies there. Perhaps, if we could increase the number of those moments, we could make a larger portion of our life worth living. Perhaps, if we could fill life with those moments, we could make the whole of life worth living.

Or should we then be too good to live? There seems no great danger of that at the moment.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sharpen them up

SINCE ALL LIFE IS RULED by ideas, it would be wise to make sure our own ideas are good. And, whenever we find ourselves being ruled and bullied by a bad one, to change it.

Now there is one really bad idea that is current today—the idea that we are all being frustrated. Many people feel that much of their work doesn't match up to their abilities. They say, more or less, "It doesn't take brains, and we know we've plenty of brain-power to use: why can't we use it?"

That's a silly attitude. Every occasion calls for brains, whether it's inventing a new machine, cooking a meal, or merely chopping firewood. Even lighting a fire needs brains. If you don't believe me, watch anyone trying who hasn't any idea of the principles of air circulation and draught!

Every job of work that has to be done needs to be done with thought and intelligence. These are the two indispensable tools of every trade and profession. They should be kept fit and sharp.

We should be proud of every job we have to do. Because we live in a machine age, there is no need for the spirit of the old-time craftsmen to be lost. There is no room for "second-best." This world, with all its urgent needs and clamant problems, has no time for complacency and the weary cry: "That'll do."

"There! That's done as well as human knowledge and skill can do it!" is our real slogan.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

THE HOUSE ON THE White Road

by RONALD R. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY SINDALL

A long road and not a penny-piece between them. Johnson was determined to rob the old lady at the gabled house until something changed his mind

"No cake," Johnson said. "Definitely no cake." He stood up looking blank and stupid. "I've got something I want to say—"

"I DON'T LIKE WHITE ROADS," Johnson said. "They make your feet more tired than darker ones."

"It's imagination," I said. "They're all hard."

"These white ones are hardest."

The sunshine was white like the road. On either side of the road were fields with young wheat coming up. They couldn't have looked less like that white road—they looked green and cool and tender.

"We shouldn't be walking like this," Johnson said. "I don't mind walking on holiday. I don't mind walking for pleasure. But walking just to get to some place, doing it just to reach a certain town—it becomes stupid. A hundred years ago—all right. Now it's stupid."

"It's not stupid if you haven't got the money to go any other way. And you have to get there. Maybe it's still stupid but you've got to do it."

We'd had the money. Twenty-four hours ago we'd had the money. The two of us had got jobs at a town eighty miles away so we had a little celebration before we left. We went to the races and then had a few drinks that became a lot of drinks.

And now we hadn't got the money. And now we had to walk.

It was just our own stupidity that made us have to walk. Last night we thought it would be pretty good. Nights like we used to have in barns—like the nights we had spent in French barns and Dutch barns and German barns, hashing up the M and V on a petrol cooker and maybe a canned date pudding only half warmed through and solid in the middle but pretty good at that. And compo tea with the froth on the top and tasting a bit soapy but not so bad either.

This morning that feeling had gone—that made the feeling and the money both gone. Johnson had a terrible hangover and that always made him a bit queer. He was surly and talked at random and ready to argue or have a fight. He didn't drink often but when he did it always left him queer.

"We should be riding on a train. We should get the money."

"Make it an air liner while you're at it. Why not?" I said.

"I'm not being funny. Seriously think we should get the money."

"Have you got a serious idea where you will get it from?"

"Yes, I've got a serious idea about that, too."

"We're practically on the train. Will you buy me a magazine to read?"

"Listen. I'm against people robbing thousands to live in luxury. I'm definitely against that. I'm against wangling things on the stock exchange to make yourself half a million. But if you've got a serious need for a pound or two for something you have to do, I think you've got the right to take it. Seriously, I think you've got the right. It makes it different."

"The chief difference being that likely as not the other people get away with it and you get tossed inside. And if I were the fellow you thought you had the right to take it from I'd be all for tossing you inside—right inside on bread and water."

"Well, as it's me that's going to do it and as I think it's right, it doesn't matter what you think, does it?"

Even now I didn't take him seriously. I'd known him for a long time, even before we were in the Army, and he never showed signs of that sort of thing. If his family had heard him talk like that they would have thought the world was coming to an end.

"It doesn't matter what I think," I said. "But it might matter what the police think and what the magistrate thinks and what the fellow you take it from thinks. Or maybe you have a bank in mind? Or is it a post office? Post offices are popular."

"It isn't going to be either. It's going to be that house just along the road on the right. It's the only one there is about, so it will do."

IT was a medium-sized stone house with high, pointed gables and a nice garden in front.

"I shall go up to the door, ask the woman for a glass of water, go inside with her and then just ask her for the money, making it clear I want it."

"Suppose it's a man?"

"It'll be just the same. Am I supposed to be scared of a man?"

"No," I said. "You're the bravest man I know. You should have a V.C. and four bars at least."

He started to move diagonally across the road towards the house and I saw that he really intended to do it.

I looked at his face seriously then. And I saw that solemn, stupid, fixed look on it.

The eyes don't seem to be seeing anything and everything of importance is going on behind them, in the head. That's how it was. And if what's behind the eyes is pretty stewed—well, you've got just the right companion with you if you like unpleasant things to happen.

I remember once in action, he was commanding the tank and I was on the

wireless; it was the morning after we took a distillery in Germany. He had that look then—but I can't let myself think about it. My hair begins to stand up if I think about it even now. Well, there was the look again.

"Don't be stupid, Johnny," I said.

"Wait outside if you don't want to come in," he said without looking round.

I stood by the garden hedge and watched him walk up the path and knock at the door. There were two beautiful lilac bushes in full bloom. I could smell the scent from them. I saw the door open and watched the woman talking to him standing between the lilac bushes. I could see she was going to invite him in and I made a dash up the path.

"I think I'd like a drink of water after all," I said. I never realized how sweet lilac smelled before.

The woman said: "Why, yes. Come in, please."

She took us into a big sunny room with french windows. It was cool and there was a honeyish sort of smell. I think it was May blossom this time.

She was a thin slip of a woman dressed in grey and she had a mass of untidyish grey hair that made her face look tiny though it was healthy and pink. She must have been seventy but her eyes were bright blue and clear.

"Sit down," she said. "Let me make you some tea. It is more refreshing. It won't take a minute." She smiled. Her voice was small but sharp as print.

Johnson looked at her for some time in that puzzled, dull way. "Water is all right."

"Cold water isn't good for you when you're hot. I had trouble always trying to stop my son from drinking it. Do have tea."

"Go on then," Johnson said. "Go on if you want to make tea."

As soon as she left the room, I said: "You can't bother a woman like this one. She's a nice old woman."

"I can bother who I like." He sat staring at the carpet.

"Not with me here. You can't with me here."

"Try and stop me."

She came back, smiling, carrying a tray with a silver tea outfit on it.

"I'd like to join you," she said. "I like to take tea with soldiers. You were soldiers, weren't you? I can always tell. My son was a soldier."

I should have known better. In fact I *did* know as I said it. "Is he out yet?" I said.

She was pouring the tea. "He was killed. By the river Weser," she said. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm very sorry." But she still smiled as she handed us the tea. Not quite the same as before but it was a smile.

"Put your own sugar in and I'll get you some cake."

"No cake," Johnson said. "Definitely no cake." He stood up looking blank and stupid. "I've got something I want to say——"

"I'd like some cake," I said. "I'd love some cake."

"Of course you would." She went out with short, pattering steps.

"Drop that idea," I said. "Drop it altogether."

"Be quiet," he said. "Don't talk to me. I don't want to listen." His face was twisted like a slap-happy boxer's.

She came back carrying the cake on a plate. I noticed her fingers were a bit swollen at the knuckles.

"My son used to love this cake. Though it isn't what it used to be."

"Nothing is," I said. "Have you got a photo of your son?" I thought she might have to go out of the room to fetch it and I wanted to keep her and Johnson apart as long as I could.

A film seemed to come over her eyes and dim the brightness of them, as though she stopped looking outward and started looking inward.

"After he was ten he would never have one taken. I have nothing that was his really. It was a bombing attack on the Weser. All his things were destroyed. There was nothing to send back to me. Not even a pen-knife or a cigarette case. It would have been nice to have something he touched and handled every day, but there wasn't anything left."

At first I thought she was going to cry and I began to feel terrible. Then I saw her gather herself; you could see her doing it. She turned to Johnson: "You're going to have some cake, aren't you?" Without a tremor in her voice.

I thought: I bet her son was a good soldier.

I looked at Johnson. He didn't speak for a second. Then he took a piece of cake. "Thanks. Thank you very much."

Nobody was speaking now. The silence was enough to press you through the floor. Like a fool I said the first thing that came into my head: "We were on the Weser." It was said now.

It didn't have the effect I expected. Her eyes lit up. She leaned forward. "Oh, I wonder if you ever knew my son. His soldier friends all called him Wilkie, I think. I called him William. Our name is Shaw."

Her lips were parted slightly and I could see she wanted us to have known him more than she'd wanted anything for a long time.

I just couldn't say no bluntly. "Wilkie," I said. "Wilkie Shaw? Was he infantry or tanks?"

"Tanks."

"Was he a well-made fellow with a fresh complexion?" Johnson said sullenly.

I glanced quickly at him, startled. He was looking straight at the old woman.

"Yes. Yes. Not very tall but well-made with a fair moustache."

He turned to me. His face still had that stubborn look but there was something different about his eyes.

"You must have lost your memory," he said. "Do you remember when the eighty-eight got us at those cross-roads and we crewed up right away. And when we baled out they were machine gunning us from that clump of trees, and they daren't bring up a tank to cover us. Who was it who nipped up with a Bren and kept their heads down till we got back? Who was that?"

I knew who it was. It was a chap called Twilley, a good chap. But I said: "Why, good lord! Wilkie Shaw. No wonder I didn't think of him. I always called him Bill."

Johnson said sullenly: "Everybody else called him Wilkie." Then he turned to the woman: "You had a fine son, Mrs. Shaw."

She was biting her lower lip and there was a sort of red, very slight swollenness about her eyes.

"I'm so glad you knew him, so glad."

I felt happy about Johnson. He was fumbling in his breast pocket.

"He was a queer chap in a way. In a nice, decent sort of way," Johnson said.

He brought his fountain pen out of his pocket. It was a very good, expensive pen, pre-war, and he was proud of having it. His mother had given it to him just before we went out to the desert early in the war there. He was avoiding looking at me altogether now.

"Wilkie gave me this," he said holding up the pen. "He gave it to me near Caen, just outside St. Germain. We'd come back to the mobile baths to get ourselves cleaned up a bit. We were sitting on the bank in the sunshine just outside the big tent with the showers in it. He put his hand on my knee and said: 'Johnny, you're one of my best friends. It might seem a sort of silly, sentimental idea, but I like my friends to have something belonging to me. I'd like you to have this, Johnny.'"

His face was very red. "I'd like you to have it now."

Her hands were folded on her lap. One of them started to move and then relaxed.

"No. He gave it to you. I can't take it."

Johnson leaned forward quickly and put the pen on her knee. "You've got to take it. I would never forgive myself if I didn't make you take it."

She picked the pen up and looked at it. I began to smell the May blossom again as I watched her. She gripped the pen in her palm and squeezed it as if she were trying to get some feeling of her son out of it. There were tears in her eyes now and I could see Johnson was in a panic at the sight of them.

"Nothing could have made me happier," she said. "Nothing. Nothing."

"I'm glad," Johnson said in a rasping voice. "But we've got to go now. We've really got to go right away."

She tried to make us stay longer but Johnson was in a sweat to get away now. She watched us down the garden path with that mass of untidyish grey hair that made her face look so small. Tears were running down her cheeks but she was smiling a pretty nice smile.

Johnson was walking in a quick, jerky sort of way as though he was only just managing to hold himself from running. The sun was warm and the road was white but his feet weren't tired now.

"Well," I said.

"Well, what?" He was frowning and glaring down the long white road.

We carried on for a few minutes without speaking. I was going over the last half-hour in my mind and a thought that had been vaguely restive in the back of my mind suddenly and without any reason came out into the open filling my mind like a blare of trumpets.

"Johnny," I said—it was a lot too good to keep to myself. "He was a good bloke as you said."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about old 'Leg-Before-Wicket.' I'm talking about Brigadier L. B. W. Wilkington-Shaw, D.S.O., M.C., the little brig. with the fair moustache we used to see so much of up at the sharp end in his scout-car—he got hell from Div. he was up so much."

Johnson stopped and rubbed his chin. "It can't be. It isn't possible."

"He got it on the Weser when the Stukas came over and got the bridge the sappers were pushing across."

He took a deep breath and shook his head. "Do you remember what I said, heaven help me?"

I laughed. "Yes. Johnny and Wilkie—just a couple of troopers together. Johnny, he said, putting his hand on my knee——"

"Let's forget that. He was all right, though—even if he did have horrible ideas about polishing brasses. He could have been one of us. He was one brig. that could."

"For a brig. he was good."

Johnson rubbed his chin again. "If he could see this beard! Let's get away from here. I feel nervous."

We started walking again.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

THE B.B.C. IS CONTINUALLY running on-the-spot descriptions of football, cricket, and other sporting events, but, as far as I remember, it has not yet thought of taking stay-at-homes to the seaside for a holiday via the microphone.

Just in case the idea appeals to the Outside Broadcasts department, here is an impression of how it might turn out, with a commentary by—well, never mind.

"Here we are at Sandhampton, and the place is alive with, er, holiday-makers all looking very like holiday-makers in their shorts, shirts, shifts and, er, so on.

"I wish you were here with me to enjoy this lively holiday scene. The weather is perfect, except that at the moment it is pouring with rain. However, everyone expects it to clear up in a few minutes, and then we shall have a real summer holiday scene.

"Well, the fun fairs and snack bars and ice-cream places are crowded with a wet but happy crowd, and I wish you were here to see them. Here is Mrs. Mugglewick, who is here with her three children, to tell you about it.

"Well, Mrs. Mugglewick, are you enjoying your holiday at Sandhampton?"

"Yes, I am en-joying my-self very mucha. I come here ev-ery years."

"And what about the children?"

"Yes, they are en-joying themselves, too."

"What do you say, Tommy?"

"Yes, I and my broth-ers are find-ing our hol-i-day very en-joy-able. It . . . is . . . bet-ter than be-ing at school."

"Ha-ha-ha! Better than school, eh? Ha-ha-er-ha. Thank you, Mrs. Mugglewick. . . . Well, the sun has come out and I wish you were here to see the happy crowd of holiday-makers streaming on to the beach. They are all playing about and, my word, are they enjoying themselves!

"From where I stand I can see a girl in a scarlet bathing dress throwing wet sand at her boy friend. And there is another delightful little cameo—a little boy of about six or seven with fair hair and blue eyes—a lovely child—just going to drop a jellyfish down his mother's neck.

"The sea is full of swimmers and, er, some of the learners are, ha-ha-ha, full of sea. Ah, here comes the *Skylark* back from its trip round the lighthouse with a real salty old fisherman in a blue jersey at the helm.

"Prices are up a bit this year, and the trip costs a pound, but in this post-war holiday season . . . oh, look, there's someone whose deck-chair has collapsed! What a holiday everyone is having—I only wish you could see them.

"Well, now it's coming on to rain again—a real cloudburst—and all the holidaymakers, soaked but happy, are streaming back into the fun fairs, snack bars, cinemas, anywhere out of the rain. . . ."

WORKING OUT THE WEATHER

by WILLIAM MUNRO

A JOHN BULL survey shows the methods by which weather experts try to predict the world's most wayward climate. Human hair, balloons and searchlights are used

DURING THE WAR, one of our best-kept secrets was—the weather.

Britain might have been sweltering in a heat-wave or shivering in an unexpected cold spell, but no general report reached Press or radio. We didn't want the enemy to know what sort of weather their bombers might meet above these islands.

Forecasts were limited to such restricted areas that Hannen Swaffer once wrote: "The weather was so warm in the Straits of Dover yesterday that I could feel it in Trafalgar Square."

Back of many people's minds was the thought that this secrecy was necessary because great advances were being made in the art of forecasting tomorrow's weather.

That was why so many were genuinely shocked when, after an unusually definite "all clear" prophecy from the experts, sheets of rain drenched the Victory Parade celebrators.

Much to the annoyance of certain humourless brass-hats, a waggish pilot sent a bunch of seaweed to the Air Ministry weather forecasters.

Actually, he was nearer the mark than he probably knew, because almost as humble a commodity as seaweed plays a part in official weather prediction—human hair.

For among the array of instruments at the three hundred observation stations in Britain there is an autographic device activated by a small bunch of human hair clippings which have been freed from all grease and are held in tension. Human hair, whether growing or cut, is longer when there is moisture in the air.

The instrument, in which women's hair is used, is an insulated box known as a Stevenson screen. As the hair lengthens or shortens pressure varies on a spring, and this is recorded.

Reports Pour In

The Stevenson screen is fitted at local observation posts to determine the true temperature and humidity of the air. From these three hundred posts, mostly situated on airfields anywhere between Cornwall and the Shetlands, come the reports which, summarized at the central technical establishment at Dunstable, form the basis of the daily weather forecast.

Naturally, a much more elaborate collection of instruments than the Stevenson screen, helps to guide the Dunstable experts.

Why, then, should they ever be wrong?

The answer is that it is only rarely that they are glaringly wrong—but we talk a lot about those times, yet forget the many more times they are correct.

Britain, in fact, leads the whole world in the science of meteorology.

The most elaborate teleprinter transmission network in the country has been installed to serve the headquarters of the forecasting service which is situated near Dunstable in the Bedfordshire hills.

Every hour of the day, each of the three hundred observation stations reports to Dunstable in code how the weather has been behaving during the previous sixty minutes. A little later all of them receive back a complete national picture, composed of station reports and additional information obtained by Dunstable from the Continent, the shipping lanes and ocean skyways.

Additionally, the outposts submit information on visibility, wind speed and direction, and the type, amount and height of local cloud. Searchlights are used to measure cloud at night and coloured balloons are sent up in day-time.

Why should the forecast ever be off the target?

Because nowhere in the world is it more difficult to say what tomorrow's weather is going to be than in the British Isles. We endure not one, but a whole assortment of climates.

"Our islands," says Mr. E. L. Hawke, secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, "form a permanent battleground for oppositing oceanic and continental influences.

"There is continuous clash and sway in a violent, ceaseless struggle, and that alone is the reason why forecasting in these latitudes is most reliable when it does not attempt to look too many hours into the future."

That, too, is the reason why, although five out of every six official predictions are either dead accurate or "near misses," these are forecasts based only on periods four to six hours ahead. After that the proportion of failures rises so rapidly that you simply cannot afford to trust entirely any forecast twelve to twenty-four hours ahead.

Most of us think of weather forecasts in the terms of the amount of sunshine we are likely to enjoy.

The meteorologist knows that sunshine has very little to do with his prophecies. He only measures sunshine as a matter of courtesy.

Mapping the Atmosphere

He thinks in terms of isobars—the curved lines you see on weather maps. These are the very foundations of forecasting.

An isobar is merely a line which connects points which have the same degree of barometric pressure at sea level. They are the contours of the atmosphere, measuring and indicating its peaks and valleys.

Air masses may be hundreds of miles in extent. They travel to Britain from the other side of the Atlantic—practically all our weather comes from the south-west and moves towards the north-east—and it may take them between thirty-six hours and five days.

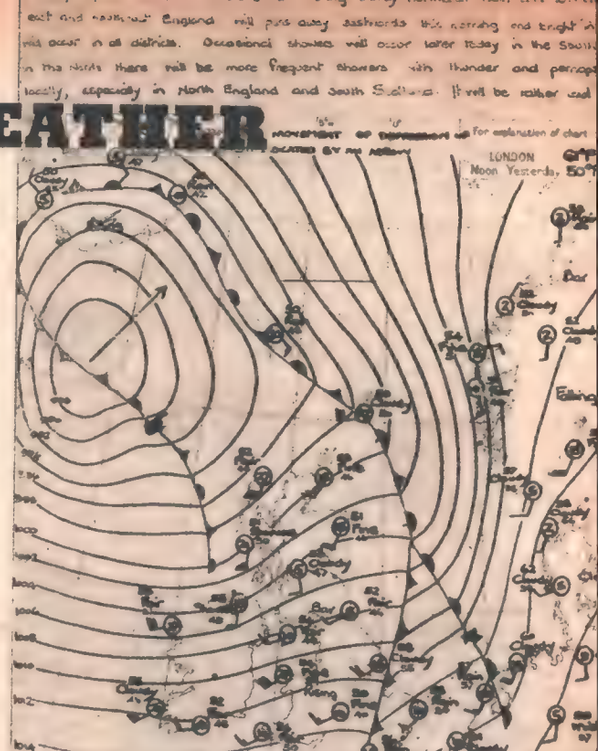
Now if the weather forecaster had to rely only on the ground-level information collected for him, he would score a bull's eye every time.

But he has to estimate if the air currents are likely to settle down and for how long, or, if they move—where? And at what speed?

Over 30,000 feet, air masses may move at the rate of 200 miles an hour, developing that speed without warning in an hour or so—and upsetting what seems to be a settled weather picture.

Several times every day the upper air is explored from specially-equipped stations in Cornwall, on Salisbury Plain, in the Wash district, near Liverpool, and in the Shetland Islands.

A free balloon, about four feet in diameter, trailing a small parachute with self-recording instruments, is sent up to gauge humidity, temperature and pressure. A tiny clock and radio transmitter operate in conjunction and send radio signals to the ground every minute.



Isobars—curved lines on weather map—are basis of forecasting. They connect points with the same sea-level pressure

Attached to the parachute is a reflector, the echoes from which are measured by a radar detector on the ground. When the balloon finally bursts, the parachute opens and drifts with its cargo of instruments to land or sea.

This outfit—known as the radio-sonde device—costs £7 10s. and is "written off" after each ascent. But an addressed label and the promise of a small reward to the finder ensures that many sets come back intact, often from great distances.

Severing the Bond

Ever since the end of the 1914-18 war, the meteorological department has been married to, and governed by, the Air Ministry. Now a considerable body of opinion believes in a divorce.

Activities of the weather service—from the administrative H.Q. in London through the central technical establishment at Dunstable, down to the smallest of the airfield observation posts—are glaringly coloured by flying needs.

The impression is given that other interests, such as shipping and agriculture, are regarded as subordinate.

The Cabinet, it is believed, has considered this matter and favours a quick severing of the bonds which unite the weather service and the military air organizations. It can be expected that a centralized and independent British Meteorological Office will be set up, staffed by civilians and completely free from Service control, with the Lord President of the Council answerable to Parliament.

But do not expect miracles of long-range prophecies whatever administrative changes take place. Despite his elaborate instruments, the weather forecaster if asked, as Job was, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?" can still only answer at the best, "Not quite, yet."

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

HUSBANDS SHOULD KNOW BIRTH FACTS

WHEN I WAS IN THE FORCES I was trained to act in emergencies. In civilian life I have run into the biggest emergency I shall ever have to tackle. Last week my wife had a baby girl and, just before the birth, I could get neither midwife nor doctor.

With the help of God and a little previous reading on the subject, I brought my daughter into the world. Afterwards the doctor praised what I had done, but I feel I was terribly lucky.

I maintain that every husband should, as a matter of duty, learn enough of the facts of childbirth to be able to face such an emergency. — A., Lancashire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Catty over Shorts

MY HUSBAND, WHO BUYS good clothes and makes them last a long time, is not hard pressed for coupons and he bought me a wonderful pair of white tennis shorts the other day. Like most women, I was so excited at having something new to wear that I forgot for a while the awkwardnesses of life today—queues and shopping problems.

"Must be short of coupons"

But when I went into the village in my new outfit, I was soon pulled up with a jerk. At the bus stop I heard a jealous woman telling her friend, "She must be short of coupons." And before I got home several other overheard remarks had made me feel really miserable. People who lead drab, mean lives cannot bear to see others happy.—MRS. ALICE DAVIES, Radnor.

Busman's Holidays

AS THE LOAN OF PROVINCIAL buses to London during the war was such a success, would London please return the compliment and lend buses for the holiday season to the seaside towns which are short of transport? The drivers and conductors would come as well and have a real busman's holiday.—C. GROSETT, Cleve Cottage, Kirby Cross, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex.

The Jolly Tram-man

WHEN I RETURNED from five years in the R.A.F. to my old job as a tram conductor, I was struck by the apparent lack of interest in life among passengers. They all seemed to look tired.

I set out to make the "customers" laugh and, at the same time, took my mind off my own misfortunes. It has worked wonderfully well.—F. H. LONG, 39 Gawlett Road, S.E.15.

—And the Passenger

HOW MANY PEOPLE feel like hitting bus and tram conductors when they say, "Come along now, we can't wait all day." As often as not the passengers have had to wait a long time.

It is no joke after being in a queue to be talked to as if you were holding up the whole London transport system.—O. W. BURNELL, 8 Drakewood Road, S.W.16.

Stork is Early Bird

HAVING HEARD of the shortage of hospital accommodation for maternity cases, I decided to be ridiculously early in booking for an event expected towards the end of January.

In the middle of June I got in touch with a London maternity hospital and was told that they were fully booked to the end of January, 1947. However, they would put me on a waiting list in case a vacancy arose.—MRS. C. M. Hertfordshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Seed for Songs

IS THE MINISTER OF FOOD or the War Agricultural Executive Committee aware that acres of land in Lincolnshire are now growing canary seed? The "poor" farmers will no doubt get good prices for this, while essential controlled corn takes second place.—D. M. G., Leicester. (Name and address enclosed.)

They Also Serve . . .

THESE INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE never seen active service and carp about pensions make me sick. My right kneecap was shot away nearly thirty years ago—but I have wanted nothing for it. This is my country. I have served it.—ROBERT LOCK, 84 Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

Glamorgan Gold Mine

MY LITTLE SON, aged eight, wanted a fourpenny ice cream. I gave him a florin. In a minute or two he was back, sobbing pitifully, to tell me that it had rolled down a drain. I went along to the local council yard, but the foreman was not very helpful. I asked him to lend me the drop shovel and within five minutes was hauling mud from underneath the grating.

I was well rewarded. From the depths we hauled up seven pennies, four threepenny pieces, nine halfpennies, one half-crown, two florins and one farthing—a grand total of eight and fivepence three-farthings. Returning the appliance, I gave the foreman a two-bob tip.—FATHER, Glamorgan, South Wales. (Name and address enclosed.)

Handy Hint

A NURSE WROTE TO YOU complaining about having to give up coupons for gardening gloves. If she does as I do she will call at a bus or tram depot where there are hundreds of odd gloves—just the thing for gardening.—S. EVANS, 24 Woodland Avenue, Tettenhall Wood, Wolverhampton.

Undress Uniform

CLOTHING COUPONS FOR serving soldiers would be a good thing and would help the Government's recruiting drive. Soldiers off duty may wear civilian clothes but have to rely on generous friends who will part with their valuable coupons when they need anything in the clothing line. As things are, only officers have an allotment of coupons.—L. H. PRICE, S.Q.M.S., Military College of Science, Chobham Lane, Chertsey, Surrey.

Seeing Daylight

DURING THE FLYING BOMBS, one small pane of glass was blown out of our living-room window. A few months ago three workmen came to replace it. They took out the whole leaded panel and put in a big sheet of glass.

This week, along came two workmen who took out the perfectly good plain glass. It appears that they had orders to replace two panels. They could not find two—so they took out an intact leaded panel and put in an identical one—and thus carried out instructions.—A. J., Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

"Did you have good weather, sir?"

Forgotten Lessons

I AM TIRED OF PEOPLE OVER HERE asking me if I lived on a farm in Montreal, and what my cowboy friends were like. I never saw a farm until I came to England and I have only seen cowboys at the movies. Please teach your children about the colonies.—MRS. J. MOONEY, 64 Burdett Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

*** Mrs. Mooney must have forgotten one of her school lessons. Canada is a Dominion, not a colony.—EDITOR.

Bevin Boy?

A CHILDREN'S NURSERY takes in toddlers from one to four years old for six shillings a week. That is a very reasonable charge, but I snatch an hour or two off for nothing each day and leave my two-year-old son in safety.

My husband, digging for sand in the garden, left a big hole which so fascinated my little boy that I let him play

"He's safer under ground"

at the bottom. Now he loves being there and I leave him below ground whenever I want to go out shopping. He is absolutely safe. Was it not Rupert Brooke who spoke about males loving holes in the ground?—MRS. ELLIOTT, Dunstable.

Bonemeal

I AM A BUTCHER. A customer bought two pennyworth of marrow bones from which she extracted ½ lb. of dripping and enough soup for five people. Then she gave the bone to the rag and bone man in exchange for two step-stones.—J. PENNINGTON, 20 Melrose Street, Newton Heath, Manchester 10.

Keeping Out Damp

IN THESE DAYS many people have to do the best they can in damp houses. Here is a tip which I tried out in 1933 and which has worked ever since.

Strip a damp patch of wallpaper and apply, twenty-four hours apart, two coats of equal parts of hot water and waterglass. When the wall is dry, more wallpaper can be put on. Not a trace of dampness has appeared in a wall which I treated like this thirteen years ago.—READER (who forgot to sign his name), 23 Spring Street, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

A Doctor's Prophecy

IS THE NAVY OBSOLETE? Our Army a back number? Will the Air Force be reduced to a few atom-bomb carriers?

Is my prophetic view of the next victory parade a correct one—five or six bespectacled scientists, bald-headed and cadaverous, shambling through an arid waste that was once a city?

How will posterity judge these few individuals, who have removed security from us with their fiendish inventions?—DR. LLEWELLYN PRIDHAM (late Royal Navy), Upwey, Weymouth.

Last Straw

HAVING SOLD ME 3 lb. of carrots, complete with masses of feathery foliage, at the inclusive price of sixpence per pound, my greengrocer has completely floored me by asking for the return of the basketful of green tops for his horse.—MRS. E. TOMKINS, 8 Marlborough Road, Northampton.

IS AMERICA CHEATING ON FOOD?

Clinton Anderson, Truman's Secretary of Agriculture. "He is largely responsible for making UNRRA a watered-down project"

An ex-G.I. journalist, home from Europe, gives this straightforward account of the food position as he has found it. America's farmers and businessmen have, he says, been hoarding products to gain inflation prices

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

ALMOST A YEAR TOO LATE Americans are experiencing a sense of guilt for not preventing the world food crisis. Here, per person, we are eating fourteen per cent more than we did before the war.

Yet, despite UNRRA and a few speeches made in Congress, the responsibility of feeding Europe has been left largely to the individual with his thin trickle of packages to friends overseas. This is an impotent gesture and most people know it, but it salves the conscience a little.

So far there has been no real organized assault against famine on the part of the Government.

With considerably less pain, of course, but with just as much bewilderment as the hungry in Europe and Asia, sensitive people here can't understand why more isn't being achieved.

But even the most knowledgeable of these might regard the reasons as a shameful family secret which would be better hushed up.

America cannot meet the quota required of it by UNRRA—not even half of it—because the majority of farmers refused to sell their produce when prices were controlled. They have waited to cash in on inflation values brought about by the removal of price ceilings.

In the meantime they have kept going by selling, in small quantities at a time, to the black market. While farmers waited for the prices to go up, most of the meat was grazing on the range; most of the grain stored in the elevators.

This causes artificial shortage at home and starvation abroad.

It is an ugly picture but the blame does not rest entirely on the farmers. The failure of Congress to maintain an efficient price control is the root of the evil.

The farmer with a conscience who wanted to sell to UNRRA was put at a disadvantage by the farmer who sold to the black market.

That is what forced UNRRA into its ineffectual position.

Artificial Shortages

Unfortunately, about forty million starving people in Europe must suffer for this muddled, selfish domestic policy. The artificial shortages created here make it almost impossible to organize anything better than the present jerry-built famine programme.

President Truman has committed himself to avert famine, but because of a strange enigma in his character which prompts him to appoint men who castrate his measures, he has been rendered ineffectual so far.

His Secretary of Agriculture, Clinton Anderson, is largely responsible for making UNRRA a downtrodden and watered-down project.

Anderson represents and is susceptible to the pressure of the meat packers and high-powered farm organizations who are more interested in making profits than in the world food crisis.

Through its interpretations of directives from Congress and the President, Anderson's Department of Agriculture limits and shuts off completely at times the supplies which UNRRA wants to buy.

UNRRA, of course, has not been allotted enough money to buy the materials it needs to meet its full commitment. But even with the existing short supply of money it cannot get the Department of Agriculture to sell it the produce needed.

Under the impetus of a characteristic phrase, "America must eat better," Anderson tends to favour the food processors and the larger and more potent farm interests.

He will divert an allotment of grain from UNRRA to, say, the North American Poultry Producers or to the Mid-Western Hog Fatteners.

The situation caused Herbert Morrison, leader of the House of Commons, to say when he was here, "I get a nightmare feeling about this livestock business. I can almost see immense droves of fatter and fatter hogs trampling down thousands of frailer men, women and children and shoving them away from the bread they need to keep alive."

Yet the people are disturbed.

But to establish a proper food commission and increase the allocation of grain for shipment abroad would call for rationing and reinforced price control. The big money interests resist this idea, especially rationing, and President Truman and Congress seem to be in no mood to offer them a challenge.

So we drift along.

Charity not Enough

In the 'twenties, after the first World War, churches took up collections for the starving Armenians and the Japanese earthquake victims. Boy Scouts went out and collected clothes for people who were freezing. This type of free enterprise worked fairly well.

But compared to the situation today the need for American aid was then infinitesimal. Congress, however, overlooking any change, urges the American people to continue in their individual, charitable, neighbourly fashion just as if it won't take more than a few thousand Lady Bountifuls to cope with the havoc left by this war.

There is another reason why the system of individual, homespun charity doesn't work this time.

For the past twelve years with Roosevelt we got used to a different method of doing things.

To meet the catastrophe we need strong leadership to marshal our efforts into a national movement with everyone contributing and feeling he is part of it. But unfortunately this special kind of appeal, with wonderful results, died with Roosevelt.

Now there is no one to go on the radio and discuss the problem with the nation and then, next day, go to Congress with a Bill which has every possibility of being passed because the great man has spoken and the people have listened and by some kind of magic agreed unanimously that something must be done.

We fall back on the methods of twenty-five years ago: observing wheatless menus on certain days, organizing housewives into clubs whose members are pledged to buy three extra cans of food for Europe each time they place an order at a grocery.

One well-meaning family which was in the habit of thanking their Maker for their daily bread before sitting down to a meal decided that the prayer was obsolete in America and did not make much sense unless it included a larger circle. So they set an extra place and send the food to Europe.

But there are forty million more invisible diners asking this family to pass the bread.

Some people feel that they are getting somewhere when they remember not to ask the waiter for an extra pat of butter, forgetting that the next diner, if he is a friend of the waiter, is bound to get it.

A woman recently told me she had a strong desire to meet the famine situation but had no friends in Europe to whom she could address her parcels.

"In my case," she said, "wouldn't it be a good idea if I addressed a package every week to Picasso, Paris, France?"

It makes one wonder sometimes if the flickering light in the human brain has gone out.

The plain truth is that this sort of thing is much easier and far more satisfying to the average unpolitical American than anything so abstract and far away as writing to Congress, and making a row about UNRRA.

In any case, people without any leadership to mobilize their efforts are up against plenty of influences to make them disillusioned.

A National Nightmare

There is the thought always at work that transferring food from America to someone's plate in Europe may have a subtle, venal political interest behind it. Even the loans to Britain and France are acceptable to many only because this may prevent the two countries from going Communist.

America needs a plan for its potential generosity just as much as people need food to keep alive. Not having one dissipates our desire to help and stupefies us into doing nothing except fling a few crumbs to those who bore the brunt of the war.

Our country is like King Croesus who paid for his sins by having the gold he accumulated poured down his throat. In our case it will be an overabundance of meat and wheat that will choke us.

A recurrent national nightmare these days, but unfortunately not shared by those in command, is that the entire world has come to hate and resent abundant, selfish, unrationed America.

Proud to play for England

England's Test players, some of whom are pictured here, gave a Yorkshire cricket enthusiast the idea for his £250 First Prize *Bullet*: Fate Was Kind And — Picked *Me* "For England."

A quiet and thoughtful tribute to the blessings of being an Englishman, phrased in cricketing terms—that was the way to success of reader H. H. L. Potter, 68 Sydenham Place, Bradford. Now what about a *Bullet* from you for this week's £300 First?

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,538

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:

H. Stewart, 16 Factory Road, East Kirkby, Notts:
The World's Future—Governed By "Give And——"

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: B. C. Anderson, 6 Gurney Road, Northolt: **Our Greengrocer—Picks *Customers* for *Tomatoes!*** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: J. Dorman, 58 Windsor Crescent, Hebburn-on-Tyne: **Upset Grandpa — Registrar's "What — *You* Again?"** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: W. J. Tyley, The Farm, Cheddar: **Hollow Victory—Dad's Greyhound Won *Fight!*** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: A. Bayley, Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Edgbaston, Birmingham: **Something To Champion—Sport—*Then*, "Sporting" Champions!**

£10 WINNERS: K. J. Bonning, 19 Higher Kingston, Yeovil: **"Sold Out!" —"I'm In *Tomorrow's* Queue!"** K. D. Chaplin, 2 Guernsey Road, Norwich: **The World's Future—"Read" From *Clenched* Hands.** J. W. Henshaw, 12 Wrightson Avenue, Warmsworth, Doncaster: **Something To Try—A "*Peace* Weapons Week."** Miss C. Hodson, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston: **Something To Ridicule—Pre-fab?** *Lodgings* **Aren't "Funny"!** T. E. Newton (please send full address): **Hollow Victory—After "Putting Everything Into"?** M. Roseveare, Jnr., 36 Cope Street, Barnsley: **Saved Dad's Bacon—Hogshead Arriving At "Pig"!** R. S. Turnbull, 121 Bensham Road, Gateshead: **Stormy Weather—Harder On "Small Packet."** S. R. Wootton, 58 Duke Street, Cheltenham: **Almost Invisible—On Parade, "Widest" Tommies!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

200 CHEQUES FOR "BULLETS" THIS WEEK!

August is Harvest Month for readers who enter *Bullets*—as many as 800 cheques will be offered and here is the second big sheaf of them, 200 in all.

First Prize, £300; Second, £25; Third, £10; Others of £9, £8, £7 and £6; 6 of £5; 12 of £2 10s.; 25 of £2; 50 of £1 10s.; 100 of £1; 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards, each with £20 opportunity. All prizes posted Wed., Sept. 4.

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's list of prize *Bullets* above shows you how to win—further guidance in *Bulletin* offered below.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

TO BUILD PEACE
MERRY ENGLAND
NEVER FORGET
IN THE HOLY LAND
ANOTHER HITLER
CONTROLS
SHOCK FOR THE BAKER
HUM OF MACHINERY
HE BROKE THE LAW AND
GOOD INNINGS
TOO MANY OF US
CARELESS DRIVER
BROUGHT HOME
WITH GUSTO
DROPPED A BRICK
WET OR FINE
DAD'S MARROW
IN DEEP WATER
AT THE BREWERY
PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

STRACHEY'S .....
PUZZLED THE ..... OF LIFE
MAD ON ..... GAME
SONNY'S STARTED..... SO

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,542 (or XWORD 494); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

Stick 2½d. stamp here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated August 31.

BULLETIN & GAZETTE LABEL—31-8-46

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

1,542 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 19

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated September 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 490 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hush. 3, Tugs. 6, Crank. 9, Dike. 10, Rage or Rags. 14, Drink. 15, Cook. DOWN: 2, Have. 4, Skit. 5, Band, Hand or Land. 7, Shivers. 8, Larder. 11, Rank. 12, Glue. 13, Sing.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS (differing at one point only from Answers above): G. Ash, Fareham; Miss M. A. Bray, Huddersfield; E. C. Cooper, Aylesbury; B. C. Drye, Blandford; D. Gillespie, Kelso; W. Oakford, Coalville; W. Stamp, York.

Runners-up Award value £25 shared between 47 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain-pens in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

Post Square by Monday, August 19.

Across Clues.

1. County regards one as of very little account
3. Sometimes falls on something good and makes mark
8. You'll find this in many a garden
11. Can give one a good deal of pain
12. False one stands out more than others
13. On which vessels are often put out
14. One at the office can make living very difficult

Down Clues.

1. Need considerable amount of food
2. Hubby's peccadilloes are likely to be this by nagging wife
4. What is called "invisible mending" is not this
5. This should be done smoothly, evenly and in time
6. Makes it easier for pickpocket to operate
7. Not always paid in form of money
9. Parrot is often shut up in one
10. Gardeners don't spend much time cultivating this

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 19

494

No.....
Signed.....
Address.....
.....
.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1 Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Rooms Sub-let

"JUST NOW I AM LIVING in two rooms which have been sub-let to me. The tenant of the house is leaving the district. What happens if the landlord wants to let the whole house to some other tenant. Can I be turned out?"

If the rooms were sub-let to you with the landlord's consent, you cannot be compelled to quit when the tenant leaves the house. If the sub-letting was done without the landlord's consent, he is not obliged to accept you, and you may be obliged to quit.

Divorce Costs

"THE CO-RESPONDENT in a divorce case (undefended) has been ordered to pay the costs of the action, but he has not the means to pay. What is the position and what happens next?"

If the man has neither money nor goods to pay the costs, it is hardly likely that the petitioner will be able to take any action in the matter.

Deposit for Photograph

"A FRIEND OF MINE went to a photographer to have her child's photograph taken and paid £1 deposit. But the child cried so much that the studio manageress told her to come another day. Later I called to see if the deposit could be returned, but it was refused. Had the photographer the right to do this?"

If your friend does not keep her agreement, the photographer is entitled to compensation for loss of profit and may keep the deposit. The agreement to have the photograph taken will remain valid, however, although it should be kept within a "reasonable" time.

Binding Agreement

"IS THERE ANY METHOD, other than by employing a solicitor, whereby a business agreement can be made which would hold good in a court of law?"

If the agreement sets out in plain unambiguous terms what each party has agreed to do, it will be binding without the help of a solicitor. It will require stamping, and the value of the stamp will depend upon the kind of agreement.

Savings Certificates

"HOW MANY Savings Certificates can I buy now? I already have 124, which were bought before the last war, and am not sure if these count towards the total allowed.

A person is allowed to hold 500 units of Savings Certificates of series one to seven, and 250 of the £1 issue. You are entitled, therefore, to have 376 more Certificates in the seventh issue (the only one now available) and 250 of the £1 issue.

There are also 2½ per cent Defence Bonds available, with a maximum allowance of £2,500 worth. A form can be obtained from any post office about these bonds, as well as about National Savings Certificates.

Electrical Training

"I HAVE BEEN DEMOBILIZED for seven months and now want to be trained as an electrician. Am I still eligible for the training course after this lapse of time?"

Training under the Vocational Training Scheme as a journeyman electrician or domestic appliances electrician is limited to disabled persons only. Unless you are disabled, therefore, you are not eligible for this training in any case.

Protected Swans

"FOR SOME YEARS NOW some wild swans have been living on the marshes near my house. This year someone has been taking their eggs, and has now shot the birds. Isn't there some law which protects swans? If so, couldn't the police do something in the matter?"

Swans are protected under the Game Act, 1831 (Section 24), and any person not having the right to kill game on the land, and having possession of the eggs, is liable to a penalty. The police have power to act in a case of that kind.

Return of Furniture

"WHILE I WAS IN THE ARMY my house was bombed, and my sister took in my wife and baby. We have now got a house, but my sister refuses to let me have certain articles of my furniture which she is using. She says she has a legal right to keep them. Is this so?"

If the articles are your property your sister has no right to keep them unless you owe her money and she is holding the goods until you pay. A solicitor's letter may make her give them up.

Toy-making

"MY BROTHER AND I, both newly demobilized, have been making toys and should like to continue to do so as a full-time job. Are these things liable to purchase tax?"

It will only be necessary for you to register at the Customs and Excise Office for purchase tax if your annual turnover exceeds £500.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HOME

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Readers not already registered (or who have changed address or newsagent) can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

"... the Ambassador jumped at the chance to have a cup of my extra-flavour Maxwell House Coffee"...

COUNTRY COUSIN

"Monica, don't tell me that's all the luggage you've brought?"
"*Why not? I can always wash my blouses and undies while I'm here.*"
"Rather a nuisance when you're on holiday."
"*Not a bit, poppet. I've brought my own Sylvan Flakes.*"
"You're too independent! Why, I could have given you some Sylvan."
"*Listen, honey. You need your Sylvan for your undies as much as I do. So don't argue and let's get something to eat. I'm starving.*"

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

67FF

What keeps her so FIT, HAPPY & Attractive

YOUR health, happiness, and appearance are worth a little care. A couple of Bile Beans taken regularly at bedtime will give you that inner health which is the foundation of happiness and good looks.

Being purely vegetable, Bile Beans gently but effectively induce regular elimination of digestive wastes. They cleanse the bloodstream of impurities that would upset your health and affect your looks and figure.

Bile Beans tone up the whole system. There's nothing to equal them for promoting sparkling health, and for keeping you attractive in looks and figure.

Beauty from Inner Health by taking

BILE BEANS

Convenient, palatable, effective . .

'Milk of Magnesia'* Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

(Regd.)

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

The milk all children like

A child needs no persuading to take a glass and a half of full-cream milk when it's in the form of Cadburys delicious Milk Chocolate. Unfortunately, supplies are still limited, as Cadburys are only allowed a very small proportion of the annual summer milk surplus for making chocolate. If you are lucky please save it for the children.

CADBURYS

3

Penny foolish POUND WISE!

Sovereign wise, indeed, is he
Who buys himself a new K-B.
First-class value he has found
Tho' his licence cost a pound.
—In fact, the set is bound to show
The *perfect* case of "Quid pro quo."

KB RADIO & TELEVISION

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GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL *for the* THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

Maximum Retail Price:

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per roll

When your dog scratches continually on warm days, or goes off his feed, it's a sign that impurities have accumulated in his bloodstream. He is in need of regular conditioning. 'One Bob Martin's once a day' will help to purify his blood—and keep it pure. It will make him a healthy, happy dog and good companion.

In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

DON'T SAY —OH, IT'S ONLY

CATARRH

Catarrh is a menace not to be treated lightly. It lowers resistance; may lead to permanent deafness or loss of sense of smell. So check catarrh at once—with Nostroline Nasal Remedy. Sniff a little up each nostril—in 30 seconds it starts clearing congestion from nose and throat, heals sore membranes, combats poisonous catarrh germs. Safe to use—even for babies. All Chemists, in tubes, 1/5d. including tax.

NOSTROLINE

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:—
A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.

264

Cuticura OINTMENT

The Reliable Tonic

Famous for over forty years

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women, and Children. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4, incl. Purchase Tax.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark

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it gives you DAZZLING WHITES so easily"

Whites are bound to be admired when they're washed with Rinso, they're so dazzlingly white. And what's even better, Rinso gives you this beautiful whiteness more easily and with less work. Just you try it and see! See, too, how wonderfully good Rinso is for your coloureds — how soft and lovely it leaves your woollens. There's no doubt about it — Rinso means less work, safe washing and better results every time!

Rinso

A No. 1 Soap Powder. 4d and 7½d packets

R 111-76

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Attractive teeth are the secret of a charming smile. If you value your personal appearance, use Kolynos twice a day. Kolynos, the protective tooth paste, penetrating where the brush cannot reach, keeps your teeth sparkling-white.
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